WAID • AUGUSTYN • KITSON • BAIR • PROPST

APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

JLA™ YEAR ONE

NO. 10

OCT '98

FALLEN FRIEND!

dccomics.com

IT IS THE WORST NIGHTMARE OF A MAN WHO CAN BE FELLED BY A CANDLEFLAME

THE SKY IS ON FIRE.

HEAVEN AND EARTH

MARK WAID/
BRIAN AUGUSTYN/
BARRY KITSON
STORYTELLERS

MICHAEL BAIR &
MARK PROPST
INKERS

KEN LOPEZ
LETTERER

PAT GARRAHY
COLORIST

HEROIC AGE
SEPARATIONS

PETER TOMASI
EDITOR

THE NEARBY MACHINE WAS DESIGNED TO FILL EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE WITH A METHANE-LIKE GAS.

THE JLAers--GREEN LANTERN, FLASH, AQUAMAN AND BLACK CANARY--TRIED TO CONTAIN THE POISON.

IN THEIR HASTE, THEY MADE THINGS WORSE--AND NOW THEY HAVE NO ONE TO BLAME BUT--

J'ONN! GOOD GOD! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?

YOU--YOU CANNOT THINK THAT I--

THE EVIDENCE IS GATHERED, J'ONN! THE LOCUS GROUP IS OUT TO TERRAFORM THE EARTH! WE'VE ALREADY DESTROYED TWO OF THEIR MACHINES!

NOW WE FIND THE THIRD MANNED BY YOU, ALIEN! WE ALREADY KNOW THAT, EVEN FOR A LAND-DWELLER, YOU'RE A LYING SCHEMER!

WHAT OTHER CONCLUSION ARE WE TO DRAW?

LOCUS IS CHANGING THE EARTH TO SUIT YOU! YOU'RE THE EIGHTH APPELLAXIAN! YOU--

--AAARGH!

ZZZAK!

SEE?

I TOLD YOU THEY'D BE HERE.

WHERE ELSE WOULD THEY GO AFTER TAKING OUR OTHER TWO DEVICES OUT OF PLAY?

KILL THEM!

KILL THEM!

WE'RE BADLY OUTNUMBERED! CANARY, THAT MOVE YOU AND I WORKED OUT AGAINST GRODD-- WE NEED IT HERE!

GO!

CANARY NOW! I--

FWAM!

GHUUUH!

I'LL MOW THE FRONT FLANK! FLASH, WATCH MY BACK!

WHAT?

I SAID, WATCH MY--

NNNGH!

SORRY.

UH-HUH. DO YOU SUPPOSE WE COULD PRETEND TO TRUST ONE ANOTHER AT LEAST LONG ENOUGH TO LIVE THROUGH THIS?

SOME TEAMWORK.

LOVE YOU, TOO. WHAT AM I, THE COMPLAINT DEPARTMENT?

THE FLAMES ARE DROPPING LOWER BY THE SECOND!

HOW ABOUT WE FOCUS OUR ENERGY ON THAT INSTEAD OF--

WHAT?

SUDDENLY

THE WHITE HATS

I CAN'T TELL

FROM THE BLACK.

LOOK AT J'ONN!

IF J'ONN'S WITH LOCUS--

--THEN WHY IN THE WORLD IS HE SHREDDING THEIR MACHINE?

KAWOOM!

FWOOM!

SHRRIPP

YEAAARGH!

HE--I THOUGHT HE WAS--

SHOULD WE HELP HIM?

I DON'T KNOW! I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ANYMORE! JUST KEEP FIGHTING AND--

AAAAAAA--

FWOOM!

J'ONNNNN!

CHUSSHH

HE STOPPED IT! WITHOUT FUEL, THE FIRE'S DYING!

J'ONN! J'ONN, WE'RE SORRY! WE THOUGHT YOU WERE WITH THEM!

J'ONN, CAN YOU HEAR ME? SAY SOMETHING! SAY...

LOCUS!

I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THEM! LANTERN, PUT THOSE TWO ON A TRANSPORT.

ZZAAKK

LOCUS THINKS IT'S ON THE RUN.

I'LL SHOW THEM "ON THE RUN."

SSSKOW!

LOOKS LIKE HOME BASE! WHAT NOW, FLASH?

EASY. THIS IS THE LAST BATTLE.

FLATTEN

ANYTHING

THAT MOVES!

I'M COMPLETELY OUT OF PATIENCE. TELL US EVERY-THING. NOW!

WH=GKK=

WHY NOT? YOU CAN'T STOP US.

YOU SUSPECT SOME OF IT. YOUR LEAGUE BANDED TOGETHER TO STOP AN APPELLAXIAN INVASION--BUT FAILED. THERE IS ONE APPELLAXIAN UNACCOUNTED FOR.

UNDER HIS DIRECTION, WE HAVE BEEN TERRAFORMING THE WORLD TO APPELLAXIAN STANDARDS-- HOSING IT CLEAN, IF YOU WILL--

--ALL THE WHILE GENGINEERING HOST BODIES FOR OURSELVES CAPABLE OF WITHSTANDING THE SEVERE GEOLOGIC CHANGES!

I SEE GREEN LANTERN HAS CAUGHT THE LAST OF OUR NUMBER IN MID-TRANSMUTATION!

THEY WON'T APPRECIATE THE INTERRUPTION.

ALL OF *US* VERSUS *FOUR OF YOU*. LOOK UPON IT AS A *PRIVILEGE*. OF *EVERYONE* ON *EARTH*--

--YOU'LL BE THE *FIRST* TO *GO*.

SHRAKOOM!

THE *MARTIAN*?

YOU TRACED US *HERE*, DETECTIVE? *BRAVO!* YOU, *TOO*, WILL BE AMONG THE FIRST TO--

GET AWAY FROM MY *FRIENDS!*

J'ONN! LOOK, HE'S ALIVE!

EYAAAH!

DO YOUR *WORST*, MARTIAN! IT DOESN'T *MATTER*! YOU'VE BEEN A *NUISANCE*--

GLAD TO HAVE YOU BACK, J'ONN!

WHOA! GO, J'ONN!

-- BUT HARDLY AN IMPEDIMENT.

TOO LATE, FLASH! TOO--

WHAT

HAVE YOU

DONE?

=MHUUHH!=

BREET!

BRRRRMMRRRMMM

ISN'T IT OBVIOUS?

GOOD LORD-- HE'S STARTED AN EARTHQUAKE!

PLEASE. TO CALL THIS A QUAKE IS TO CALL THE ATLANTIC A POND.

THE FINAL STROKE. ONCE UPON A TIME, THE WORLD'S LAND MASSES WERE ONE GIGANTIC SUPERCONTINENT-- A NOTION THAT QUITE APPEALED TO OUR APPELLAXIAN ALLY.

USING INCALCULABLE POWER, WE'RE REVERSING THE CONTINENTAL DRIFT. EVEN AS WE SPEAK, EVERY LAND MASS ON THE PLANET IS IN MOTION, QUICKLY REUNITING--

--IN A PROCESS THAT WILL SWALLOW CITIES-- CRUMBLE COASTLINES--

--AND DESTROY EVERY SINGLE LIFE ON EARTH!

WHAT DO WE DO?

YOU WANT TO ASK GREEN LANTERN?

I'M THROUGH GIVING ORDERS.

SINCE WHEN?

SINCE THE OTHERS DECIDED THAT YOU'RE THE LEADER.

I'M--?

YEAH. AND THANK GOD, BY THE WAY. IF I'VE BEEN A JERK, IT'S ONLY BECAUSE I THOUGHT I WAS BLOWING THE JOB.

YOU'RE THE FASTER THINKER. WHADDAYAGOT?

OKAY. WE'LL TAKE OUT THE COMPOUND. YOU BUY US TIME TO REVERSE THIS. FLY AS HIGH AS YOU CAN--

--AND USE THAT MAGIC RING OF YOURS TO KEEP THE CONTINENTS IN PLACE!

WHAT? WHAT IN GOD'S NAME MAKES YOU THINK I'M THAT GOOD?

I'VE SEEN YOU.

OH, YEAH.

GO!

OR MINE?

WE'RE A TEAM.

OHH--!

WOW. IF WE GET OUT OF THIS *ALIVE*, WILL YOU HAVE MY *BABY*?

DON'T GIVE ME TOO MUCH CREDIT.

WHATEVER YOU *SAY*.

ARE... ARE YOU OKAY? I--

THRUNCH!

FIGHT AGAINST THE *TIDE*! WE'VE GOT TO GET TO THE *COMPUTER*!

"LANTERN'S DOING ALL HE CAN--

"--BUT EVEN HE CAN'T STOP THE WORLD FOR LONG!"

J'ONN, GO *IMMATERIAL!* *PHASE* YOUR WAY TO THE--

AAARGH!

NO *GOOD!* HE'S TOO WEAK TO *FOCUS!*

I CAN *VIBRATE* MY WAY FREE--

--BUT IF I DON'T HAVE *BACKUP,* THIS WON'T *WORK!*

HOLD THE *LINE!* GIVE ME TIME TO *OPERATE!*

REVERSE... REVERSE... ...REVERRRRSE...!

TAK TAK TAK

TAK TAK TAK TAK TAK TAK TAK

NO GOOD! I'M IN OVER MY HEAD!

TAK TAK TAK TAK TAK TAK TAK TAK TAK

IF THIS DOESN'T DO IT--

--WE'VE LOST!

TAK TAK TAK TAK TAK TAK TAK TAK

PROCESS NULLIFIED

YES!

:WHEW:

IT'S NOT OVER YET! J'ONN, YOU'RE A TELEPATH!

ENTER THESE MEN'S MINDS! FIND OUT IF THERE'S SOME WAY TO SHUT DOWN THEIR BODIES!

HURRY!

I'M PROBING... BUT SOMETHING...

...SOMETHING'S WRONG... I...

:YEAAARGH!:

KZZAKKZZKKTTZAKK

GKKKK--

NNNNNGG--

AIEEEE--

NO! NO!

NOOOOO--

THEIR BRAAAAINS-- SSOMEONE TAMPPPERED WIIITH THEMMM!

THE PROBE SET OFF A FATAL NEUROSHOC-CCK!

THEY'RE T-TAKING THEIR SEEECRETS TO THE GRAAAVE!

J'ONN, GET OUT OF THEIR HEADS! GET OUT!

I FEEL THEMMM DYIIING!

DYIIIIINNGGGG

I... I DON'T GET IT!

DID WE WIN?

YEAH.

HOORAY.

SO...

...WHAT NOW?

>SIGH<

NOW I THINK WE ASK SOME HARD QUESTIONS.

J'ONN... I THINK I SPEAK FOR EVERYONE WHEN I SAY THAT THOUGH WE APPRECIATE THE FACT THAT YOU'RE ON OUR SIDE...

...MOSTLY...

...WE STILL FEEL BETRAYED.

YOU SPIED ON OUR CIVILIAN LIVES. YOU KEEP DETAILED FILES ON US. FOR ALL WE KNOW, YOU USED YOUR TELEPATHY TO PRY INSIDE OUR--

NO. I NEVER--

FOR ALL WE KNOW, YOU DID.

WHY, J'ONN?

FOR YEARS, I HAVE BEEN STRANDED ON A WORLD NOT MY OWN...ONE THAT HAS A HISTORY OF BEING... UNRECEPTIVE TO THOSE WHO ARE DIFFERENT.

ONE IN WHICH MY SENSES ARE DULLED BY THE SIMPLE LIGHT OF A MATCH... MY LIFE ENDANGERED BY THE FLARE OF A CAMPFIRE.

RECENTLY, BUOYED BY THE WORLD'S ACCEPTANCE OF YOU AND OTHERS LIKE YOU, I WENT PUBLIC IN SEARCH OF KINSHIP.

AND YOU FOUND IT.

ALONE, IN HIDING, MY SURVIVAL DEPENDED ON MY POWERS OF OBSERVATION... OF GATHERING AND CHRONICLING INFORMATION ON THE MOTIVATIONS OF THE STRANGERS AROUND ME.

YES, I DID. AND DURING OUR FIRST ENCOUNTER, I WATCHED YOU EXTERMINATE AN ALIEN FORCE YOU KNEW LITTLE ABOUT...

...AND TAKE PRIDE IN THAT.

I DON'T KNOW THAT "PRIDE" IS THE RIGHT--

WE KEEP ONE OF THEIR CORPSES IN THE TROPHY ROOM.

I DID NOT WANT TO FEAR YOU PEOPLE. MY INSTINCTS TOLD ME YOU WERE GOOD AND NOBLE. BUT YOU ARE, AFTER ALL... STILL HUMAN.

I NEEDED TO KNOW MORE ABOUT YOU TO GUARANTEE MY OWN SAFETY. FOREGOING AN INVASIVE MINDPROBE, I INSTEAD FOLLOWED YOU WITH MY ENHANCED SENSES... TRACKED YOU USING AN ARRAY OF IDENTITIES.

I HAVE NO ONE TO RELY UPON BUT MYSELF. I DID WHAT I FELT I HAD TO...

...TO SURVIVE.

SUCH AS LIE. I DON'T LIKE LIES.

AS I HAVE SAID, I REGRET MY--

LEAVE HIM BE. WHAT ABOUT YOU? HOW DO WE KNOW YOU HAVEN'T DONE A LITTLE X-RAYING WITH THAT RING?

THAT'S JUST PARANOID. WHAT ABOUT AQUAMAN? NEXT YOU'LL BE TELLING ME HE COACHES MY GOLDFISH TO SPY--

THAT ISN'T FUNNY.

I'M JUST MAKING A POINT. I...

FORGET IT.

LISTEN TO US. WE THOUGHT WE KNEW EACH OTHER. WE KIDDED OURSELVES THAT MASKS DIDN'T MATTER.

WE DON'T REALLY KNOW EACH OTHER AT ALL.

MY NAME IS BARRY ALLEN.

I'M A FORENSIC SCIENTIST WITH THE CENTRAL CITY POLICE DEPARTMENT.

DINAH LANCE.

I'M A FLORIST IN STAR CITY.

A FLORIST...?

DON'T RUIN THE MOMENT. YOU?

HAL JORDAN. TEST PILOT FOR FERRIS AIRCRAFT IN COAST CITY.

I...I HAVE NO OTHER IDENTITY... BUT MY FATHER CALLED ME ARTHUR.

AND YOU?

I SPEND MY TIME AS A DETECTIVE...

...WITH THE MIDDLETON POLICE.

I CALL MYSELF SIMPLY "JOHN JONES."

WELL, J'ONN... JOHN... FROM ONE LAWMAN TO ANOTHER...

...IT'S A PLEASURE TO MEET YOU.

CLANG!

WHAT THE--?

RELAX. WHO BESIDES OUR *MECHANIC* MAKES NOISES LIKE *THAT?*

SNAPPER, IS THAT *YOU?* COME ON *OUT!* *SNAPPER!*

SNAPPER!

UNCLE *SIMON!* IT'S *UNCLE...* *UNCLE SIMON!* YOU GOTTA *STOP* HIM...!

SNAPPER, WHAT *IS* IT? WHAT *HAPPENED?*

...TRIED...TO *KILL* ME...BUT I GOT *AWAY...*

HE *DID* THIS TO YOU? *SIMON? WHY?*

'CAUSE I *KNOW* NOW.

THE *ALIEN* WE'VE BEEN *LOOKING* FOR...

...IT'S *HIM.*

AND HE'S *NOT--*

VROOO! *VROOO!* *VROOO!*

IS THAT--

--THE *NORAD* ALERT?

YEAH! THAT'S WHAT I WAS TRYING TO *TELL* YOU!

UNCLE SIMON'S THE *ALIEN*-- AND HE'S NOT *ALONE* ANYMORE!

HE WAS GETTING LOCUS TO MAKE THE WORLD *OVER*--

--FOR *HIS* PEOPLE!

TO BE CONTINUED!